



A
Letter
to
Hibiscus



AK



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The Letter that never sent

BY

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Things to be known by the Hibiscus,


- There are letters written all around the world that are never meant to be read. Only written, sometimes only typed, and should be only felt... but never sent... and this is one of those.
- This Letter was not written just, for you to read, but to see your world from my point of view. To express the weight of my unspoken emotions.
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CHAPTER 1: THE FIRST TIME I SAW THE HIBISCUS

Dear Hibiscus,

Every story has its beginning - and ours begins at the end of a pandemic. It was years ago, when the world started to breathe again, and we found ourselves back at school after months of lockdown. Since it had been months since I last stepped into a classroom, everyone seemed older - grown in silence.

It was my first time seeing them, and yet it felt like the beginning of a new life - the one where each person would leave a quiet imprint on me, shaping who I was meant to become, and you were the biggest part of it.

Though the memories of that day have begun to blur in my mind, I still see you clear as moonlight, as if it all happened just yesterday.

You stood there like a flower beneath the spotlight, quietly, unaware that the whole room had paused for you as I sat there, quietly admiring. And then the world slowly remembered how to move again, as the teacher walked in, welcoming the class back after such a long time.

Everyone wore a mask, hiding their faces like the *moon* behind clouds. I stood tallest among them - though the difference was only a few inches, I was already described as tall as a coconut tree.

Finding new friends was never a big deal for me, but during those first few days, we all sat as far as possible, sharing the same room yet separated by something called *social distance*.

I still cherish those lunch breaks, when the masks came down for a while and the moon's beauty itself revealed... But aside from the soft glow in your eyes, there wasn't much else I remember from that day. Nothing else stayed with me, quite like your presence did...

Do you know something? I didn't catch those feelings in an instant, It was all just by our classmates, who blow a little crush into a big-love balloon, when it comes to balloons! Do you remember that day!?

The day that the whole class went crazy, playing with balloons - boys & girls popping them on each other's heads, and the auditorium - which was our class back then filled with burst balloon pieces, where the principal got a special rule made just for our class IX that we never obeyed, after that incident.

That was "*THE HAPPIEST DAY*" for me! Because I was able to help you and your female friends by sharing balloons in between the fight, instead of joining boys, just for you. I never ever enjoyed my school life in such a way.

Thank you for being a part of it...

In fact, you are the one who made it special, not only that day but every day of our school life till now, I saw the world just like how I saw you, then all of sudden everything became beautiful, after a pandemic I never imagined that I would see such a flower as you in a school garden... and fall in love with it.

I was affected by one of those posts pandemic disorder known as introversion, where I limited talking much to the people who are outside my comfort zone.

Since, I have no one to play and talk with- as in my surroundings, people never came outside because of lockdown - and I didn't have friends here either.

I came to this town during the pandemic, and neither in person nor online did I connect with anyone. When I changed my school and my mom's mobile phone broke, I couldn't contact any of my old friends and neighbors, who could've connected me if they had thought to. But they didn't...

So, I had been all alone - just me, with social media and Television as my only entertainment. My parents had no time to spend with me. Neither did I get love from them during that period, nor could I give it to them.

Then I started saving all that love and affection for my life partner - for you, just like in movies, where heroes wait for their heroines.

In School, when our classmates noticed that my eyes kept following you, they began teasing, hyping it up - and all I could feel was:

"Why shouldn't it be true?"

But what that little boy then didn't know was this:

"Not everybody is born here to be loved.

*Some are just meant to suffer alone with
the love they carry for that someone"*

And that was me - with my love for you.

When I saw our classmates talk to you like they'd know you forever, I felt quite alone in the group. *Like an ugly cuckoo in the nest of beautiful crows.* I couldn't reach you due to my social anxiety. I'm just a strange cuckoo who didn't even know to build a nest for himself and stays in the beautiful nest built by crows.

WHAT IF? You thought of me as an awkward, ugly figure roaming in the corridors and blabbering nonsense? I guess that's what an inferiority complex does - one that grew up with me ever since I was a child.

But I never knew then... that the way I began looking at you would bloom into a thousand silent letters like this one.

"Back then, I didn't even know your name - yet somehow, my heart had already written it in the places I didn't understand."

At first, I saw nothing but "your black pearl eyes surrounded by a cloudy white sea", where I lost myself in that sea, within their depths, like a traveler, who forgets way back home because of the place he visited.

CHAPTER 2: THE ART OF ADMIRING AT HIBISCUS 🌺

CHAPTER 3: AN EXPERIMENT WITH LOVE

I was a curious child back then like every other kid with dreams, I wanted to invent, discover or do something experimental. I was inspired by many scientists and psychological philosophers. These branches met at a point called human emotions and hormones, I was interested in learning and playing with them.

A Big part of that branch is Love & Addictions; I chose love and addiction to gain knowledge about hormones and emotions. I volunteered myself to do the experiment, I didn't want to get addicted to something bad. So, I chose two things to do, one is to eat frozen water like the ice formed inside the freezer and ice cubes, other one, which I already started is that to scroll on YouTube and Instagram.

Finally, to play with emotions, I chose Love, the most dangerous risk I took in my life. You can't love someone just like that, I chose someone whom I already fell for, Yes! I chose you with all my heart.

That day I started two things, I admired at you in school and ate ice cubes at home, At first nothing felt quite different but later one day I saw you crying one time I wanted to rush and ask what happened, but I stood like a statue, as What If you get embarrassed because of me rushing towards you?

I heard what you said to others, you said that you yourself didn't know why, didn't know Why were you crying, but I felt something wrong within me. Why didn't I give you the words that can calm you down, that can make you feel safe, that can fight your insecurities.

I learned that day that just admiring at you, can create a feeling to care for you, a responsibility to be your emotional support, an honor to keep you happy and make you laugh. But those feelings started to create other dangerous feelings in my mind like possessiveness and fear of losing you.

But I am not giving up on you and my experiment. I planned to take this experiment to higher levels with my *tiny* brain. One day I was thinking about a life with you before sleeping. Then I had an idea that night to increase my love for you. Why shouldn't I think about you every day before sleeping. I started it every night since then.

I started to live a life with you in my imagination. I had effects of it in real life. I can't stop admiring at you in school. My eyes didn't leave you like a bee sting pierced in a skin.

CHAPTER 40: THE GOODBYE

I didn't believe in anything before I met you. I didn't believe in Love, neither this world was beautiful nor in the afterlife and reincarnations. But Now I wanted them to be true, I wish as Mr. Paulo Coelho said in The Alchemist, I want the whole Universe to conspire and help me succeeding in merging you to my life forever.

You were the one who made me admire at you and your beauty. That's how I learned how to see this world, the way I saw you changed my way of seeing everything. Everything became attractive, Flowers, Butterfly, Movies, Coding, Birds, Trees, even the things I thought that are ugly before you in my life like cockroaches, Crows, Insects and My life became beautiful after your visit.

But Since you were carried away by your beautiful Wind. The beauty in My Life started fading away though it is a dream come true. Still,

*"I didn't wish for you in my life,
as far as my maturity I want you to be happy,
with the wind that carried you away from me ".*

I couldn't even achieve the peace of mind of an infant, unknowing that if my decisions were right or wrong, should I even let you go... Long back it was my

experiment but now it was a true one-side love that I didn't deserve. You were good at making decisions, that's why, you chose the right path that I didn't take.

I learnt many things about you and about the love in these days. Now I can sing all the song that's in your favorite playlist but never in your favorite voice that you love. Now, I can talk about all the movies that you ever watched but not as a partner beside your shoulder. Now I can know all the serials you like to watch but we couldn't watch your favorite nostalgic serials in Television.

I didn't know if I would even be a side character in a book that you write about the things that made you happy, but You will be the protagonist in mine. I think I made at least one thing that made you smile so comfortable, like that two poems made from the post that you shared or the playlist out of the reels that was liked by you.

I could have written this letter after years from now, but I didn't know how many more years I could live to express my love for you, I didn't know if I could remember those things with this much details. My inspiring superhero once said,

"No amount of money ever bought a second of time"

Who knows - that if you read this letter before I pass away from your world, maybe I can get a chance to meet you again. Maybe I should cry in front of you, maybe I should apologize again in person. Maybe I could be placed near your heart as a background character in your life, maybe I could get your wedding invite to see your smile or at least a like for the story and post in Instagram, knowing that I wrote and kept them for you. Or... Maybe you will never block me again...

Whoever you have become or whatever you do, now or then, you will forever be the only crush that turned into my one side love, the only pretty Hibiscus that blooms in my heart and should be the only **CA** I know when I die.

Thank you for everything, for being in my life, for the texts that you replied, for the posts and stories you liked, for the study materials you shared during classes, for talking with me, for unblocking me, for being a part of this beautiful butterfly effect in my life that made me the man I am now.

Even your close friend once said to me that "Hibiscus is someone who everyone had crush with or loved!",

I too agreed with that finest truth, I was kind of happy and proud when I heard that, My Hibiscus was not a thing I own but a person loved by everyone and I was being so proud to be the one of them, still I didn't want to stop there because love is something that we give, that we feel about something or someone special.

Every time I give something I never felt like losing it but it's reaching a place where it deserves to be. If I had given something to you, it might or might not be special to you, but whatever you gave or will give it's always special to be, like a use and through mask you gave me during covid, though it's color was black I saw every color possible in it, and even a chocolate you gave to everyone for your birthday, but that too felt special for me.

When you lend me your pen, I felt that should stay with me but when I asked it, It replied to me that

*"I can never be so close to you like it did,
and it cried that it too would feel depressed,
if it was separated from you"*

so, I returned them as soon as possible.

If you wilted before me... I will bury myself under the soil with you, so at least I can be with you in the darkest time of yours, so at least you will not feel a loneliness in the coffin, so at least I can share your death date as we neither share a birth date nor a marriage date, so at least you will stay there to listen my last words, hear the poems I wrote for you and see yourself from my eyes through this long letter...

If I die before you, then never ever worry that you lost one of those who had you, only you as his crush singleton since his teenage years. Never fail to be happy, I will try to build happiness in your eyes with the hands that are not mine. Even then don't forget I live in your laughter, and I die in your tears.

For My pretty Hibiscus 

THE END